

DeWolf Hopper, Apostle of Cleanliness on American Stage, Attacks the Vice Play

"The Present Craze for Indecency Cannot Last Much Longer," He Declares, and He Scores the Pretext That the Purpose Is for Uplift—New York Theatres as a Whole Prove That the Better, Purer Plays Are Really Those That Prosper

By JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

"I cannot be of the opinion of the reformers of manners in their severity toward plays, but must allow that a good play, acted before a well bred audience, must raise very proper incitement to good behavior, and be the most quick and the most prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding."

It sounds a little far off as we pace its measured sentences, for indeed it was written by Addison for a public turning somewhat from the brilliant insouciance of the Restoration dramatists and applauding plays of better moral fibre. He was adventuring on the stage himself and winning renown as the author of the tragedy of "Cato." But it is just as true of New York to-day as it was of London exactly 200 years ago.

Our present season of evil stage exhibitions and evil smelling plays has aroused new outcries against the theatre. The "vice play" has been rampant and obtrusive. The nudity of performances in theatres and vaudeville houses, where once all was so fastidiously proper, have given many a shock. Now the vice play is in the movies, and patience with the theatrical commercializing of impurity seems at an end.

The American theatre is out of swaddling clothes; it is wearing its own tailor-made garments. It takes for granted the opposition of old fashioned clergymen who, like Addison a "reformer of manners," decry all stage performances as things of the Evil One. Secure in a tremendous following, it is in the hands of the public in the terms of "attractions," broadly irrespective of good or evil. In other words, it banks on the emotions, the likes, dislikes, aspirations, passions of the community, and looks for its rewards to its aptitude in "holding the mirror up" at the proper angle.

The up to date dramatist watches the trend of popular preoccupation, and if he possibly can writes around it. The modern manager seizes it and projects it with more and more daring. Muckraking produced an order of attractive and potent politico-social play that ran from "The Lion and the Mouse" to "The Dawn of Tomorrow." A wave of indignation over conditions in the "white slave" traffic was promptly answered by "The Lure," "The Fight," "To-day," "Ourselves" and "The House of Bondage," produced, and a large number struggling for production. Such a flood of muck seemed incredible. The plays exploited the life of the streets which had only been known to the general public through little read but often powerfully written

novels or through the somewhat gloating reports of investigating committees.

Some of these plays prospered with their impure offerings, and when they were assailed by feeble tongued remonstrants managers and authors had no difficulty in getting certificates of "worthy motives" from a surprising array of uplift workers and the little group of tingling society women who hover with breathless interest and curiosity over the outer edge of the social inferno avowedly for reform purposes. The police clumsily tried their hand, but the only result was the suppression of a too-horribly obscene passage in one play and the suppression for the time of another. The doctored play failed to attract utterly, but it should be said that in its original form it had drawn the public poorly.

"The Lure," the first of the series, has at last left its first home in New York. "Ourselves" has gone into the storehouse. Well written, with excellent character sketching, its unnecessary exposure of the general hopelessness of reform methods killed it. One play alone holds the public in any numbers now. Curiously enough, it tells a story written for and of vice conditions on the lower East Side—all its characters were Jews—but with a little jiggery it is advanced to the upper West Side with strictly Christian dramatic personae. So, it illustrates the invading character of all pests and plagues that lift their heads in the purloine and spread upward. Our doctors are inventing antitoxins for the diseases of the body. Who will be clever enough, bold enough to make one for the diseases of the world of shows?

Not the press, for the newspapers have simply judged play after play, condemning partly and condoning otherwise. A certain scene was "regrettable," and so on. They were held back also by the thought that abusing the play roundly might crowd the houses.

Not the pulpit, for the clergy have stood nervous between the reform plea put forth by the managers and the filth that was pouring out over the footlights from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

Where, then, must a clear nose be expected to ring out in trumpet tones? From the midnight supper hall of the Friars!

Absurd! From that frankly cynical and wholly hilarious gathering of theatrical managers, half managers angels, authors, press agents, actors, scene painters and dramatic siddhants generally who gather ever so often to the number of three or four hundred and sup largely—and noisily—to the accompaniment of sarcastic badinage, witty persiflage (they love the last word) and humorous stunts till the small hours are well grown up, where the most beloved are the best roasted and the cigar has a tendency toward the corner of

the mouth, so much of an off night from distressing convention do the average Friar and his average friend make?

Well, it was just there that the loud voice was heard.

And whose voice? One would be inclined to daily with the reader by mentioning this solemn star of that aspiring manager and then saying, "not the man." You would guess long and then be astonished when the answer came: DeWolf Hopper.

Of all the apostles, that six feet six of humorous humanity! DeWolf Hopper, the elongated and side splitting hero of "El Capitán," "The Charlatan" and a score of other comic operas for a score of years. DeWolf Hopper, whose recitation of "Casey at the Bat" has lent a glow of joy to many a score of drooping evenings. DeWolf Hopper, now daily and nightly making the little ones howl with delight as the friend of "Hop o' My Thumb" over at the Manhattan Opera House, playing Santa Claus on Christmas Day for the stage kids too.

He spoke right out in meeting. Between one comic stunt and another not so comic the well known, loud, clear, rasping yet oddly musical voice said pungent, stinging things about the "vice plays," the music hall nudities, the vaudeville violent and vulgar dances, the grovelling in the underworld of the movies. Sitting before him was many a man responsible in some degree for the stage offences against decency. Was he not earning his bread himself at the managerial table?

Astonished silence greeted him at first, with much looking one at another, much burning of fingers with lighted matches as the smoker forgot to draw until the burning sentence he was hearing had reached a period. Then howls of applause, more and more of it, and a great yell as he shortened his length by forty inches and sat down. Just last Sunday night all this.

It is distinctly not the custom to report the speeches at the Friars' suppers. The absence of the reporter goes to the comfort of the convivial. But somehow the news would not down, and some of last Monday's papers had an appreciative half column or so, but none of them reported the speech at length, as something about DeWolf Hopper should be, one might say.

What was printed of his sudden address travelled far, "and every soul cried out, well done." After the surprise that greeted it, as coming from an actor—a comic actor—the certainty grew that from no one more authoritative could it come with such force. It was the cry of the stage itself, the outraged stage, against "such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep and which have brought such discredit on us." DeWolf Hopper has no record of his speech.

"It all came on me in a minute, the men there in front of me, and the thought buzzing in my head. I'm never at a loss for words. I cannot recall it either, but I know what impelled me, and I know the drift of it. I can tell you what he said. And so he began. It was half an hour or more after noon. The tall actor had

barely breakfasted, and was looking forward to starting for the matinee. Clad in a gorgeous sky blue man's robe of Japanese silk with large and complicated Kioto designs in white upon it he made an impressive figure sitting there and pouring out in full tide his indignation, his ardent indignation, and his hope.

"My wife bought it at a great bargain," he chuckled, "in San Francisco," and he expanded his broad chest to bring out the white whorl upon the bosom. Then, with a quick turn to the serious he went on: "Why, my thought was this: This present craze for indecency of scene, of subject, of gesture on the stage cannot last much longer. Let us look the facts in the face. It is the usual transition from the normal. The normal of our stage is decency, because the American people are decent. We must turn back to type."

"It began to deviate, to broaden. One play went a little further than another, and when the last drew crowded houses, the next exploiting manager and author went still further. They were not content with the outer edge of the dense of fame, they would go inside. They would not merely allude to the innuendoes, but would make them speak and enact some of the doings there. That of the plays."

"A dancer came from 'study' abroad, and in the gauziest of raiment made a music hall sensation of a salacious dance with a story to it. She had 'copped it' from somebody else abroad, but it went here as a great discovery, the eyes of the men popped as they looked at this woman writhing, nearly naked, all over the stage and falling in simulated excitement that, by the way, displaced the padding that turned her skinny contours into shape-lines. Then another and another and another dancer tried the same thing, each with a little more indecency, a little less covering and a little more padding. Then one vaudeville manager after another 'took them on,' until the infection of nudity and noisomeness covered the vaudeville stages of the country. And now—"

"Take the moving pictures. These are the pantaloons of the drama. You know in the old pantomimes a great part of the fun was that the clown did some trick, and got away with it, and the old pantomime tried it to his own discomfort. Well, the movies try whatever the stage tries, and since they are out off from the help of dialogue they must concentrate in action and illustration. They have taken the subjects of the 'vice plays,' and have gone further with the same sneaking, lying excuse that it is in the name of uplift they are doing it."

"Plut! Plut! Well, you want to note the savage way they fight for every dirty dime that comes across to them. Uplift! Tell that to the society dames they get certificates from, to the clergymen they bamboozle into a belief in their motives; don't tell it to me; don't tell them put it over on you; don't you be foolish enough to put it over on anybody else. I know them, and you know them too."

"Now, God knows, I am no prude—I don't know that any wholesome grown man of the world is, whatever he may assume to be. But this all men of the

world know, and the rest—authors and managers included—might as well know it, that in indecency of subject, of scene, of character, of spoken word, of suggestion, of dance, of picture, of exhibition you can only go so far.

"There is a limit beyond which even cannot go. They must all stop short somewhere. Nothing is possible in public exhibition wherever men are above the level of beasts beyond a definite point."

"And this is the point I make. These deviations from the normal only pay—ad and public exhibitions hang upon that word 'pay'—they only pay as they furnish an advance in nastiness or suggestion, in the paying propositions of the same kind that preceded. That is the absolute rule. They attract only a certain kind of mind anyway, and it is the class of mind that calls an indecency 'punch' if it's no more indecent than something that titillated the season before or earlier in the same season."

"Bad as they are then, humiliating to every actor and above all every actress trapped by hard circumstances into acting in them, I see an approaching end for them. They can go no further in nastiness without reaching a point where the stage will be mobbed by outraged audiences and a betrayed public. They will stop short. Some managers will take big risks of the kind, but even—"

"Who would risk the police court with joy, will stop this side of a play that would literally wreck his theatre."

"Already there are self-respecting vaudeville men of the greater circuit who refuse to appear in certain houses. There are houses where any little nudeness or centre of a licentious scandal can put three weeks of painful if profitable publicity; where anything or anybody that can pique vulgar, prurient curiosity is welcome. These houses will always be at the possible low water mark of morality, but they are staling fast. They cannot meet the demand they have created and are sinking fast to be the resorts of 'rounders' of both sexes, mostly male, however, thank heaven. They can only go so far."

"Think of it! and a fine light glowed in the tall actor's eyes. "These things are of the sewer, and the sewer, ever accumulating more filth and reek, must flow downward if it flows at all; and where does it end? At last in the sea, in the ocean, where Nature's purifying hand resolves its contents into its elements. It is gone. But with truth, with beauty, and with the flowers that rise up green and thrilling with promise and burst into blossom, and their bloom and fragrance, and charm of color are repeated year after year endlessly."

"Who would hesitate to choose between the rose garden and the dunghill? Is not all the teaching of the ages that we should move along the lines of the beauty and truth that are eternal? There are other ways than this mass of public defilement to bring about reform where reform is needed. It will take long to undo the harm that has been done to refined thought, to cleanly life, to the minds of the young. But one thing is certain, the present phase of exhibition rotteness is reaching its period. It will have a forcible end if it fails to end itself."

"And look at the New York stage as a whole. Does it not show that the better, purer plays if they contain the right human ingredients in the right kind of story and setting, with the right technical treatment, are really the plays that prosper greatly? What has drawn better than that pure bit of fine character played by Laurette Taylor in 'Peg o' My Heart,' the innocent, tickling humor of 'Potash and Perimutter,' the jollity and grip of 'Seven Keys to Baldpate,' the dainty sweetness of 'Prunella,' the thrill and joy of 'Cyril Maude's Grumpy,' the fine flight of 'Forbes-Robertson in his classic and standard repertoire, the nice humor and satire of 'General John Regan,' not to speak of the powerful long lasting drama, 'Within the Law'? All go to prove

that the real prizes are in the better class of play."

"We have authors who adventure into new realms of reality and who do not go down to the sewer for their subjects. The real successes of to-day are their encouragement. I tell you I get more joy out of my nightly and in this season daily appearances in the extravaganzas of Hop o' My Thumb; these heart to heart confidences with the kids of all ages, than any actor gets out of the vice plays, however, potentially written. I am not denying the ability in some of these plays, but it is only in some. Mostly they are poor things in an intellectual sense."

"Therefore, I say, let the public and those to whom the public looks for guidance—the papers, the pulpit, the police—end the state of things where, as I said the other night, the question for the heads of families is not 'What plays shall we see?' but 'What plays can we see?'"

"And if the guides are dumb, let the public if surprised into being present at any offensive, atrocious play give loud noise to its displeasure and thereafter stay away. Four years ago there was the most careful scrutiny of manuscripts for the risky or unclean. The greatest of vaudeville circuits had a hard and fast code against uncleanliness and profanity, and a man was safe who brought his family to visit them. Now how different! One other thing I am convinced of, namely, that many of the clean, paying pieces of this season have owed a large portion of their crowds to their being the only choice of the layout that meets the eye in the advertising columns and in the recommendations of decent acquaintances and friends."

"If there was no way out I would not have had the impression that led me to speak out before the Friars, but there is a way. It is the way of the flowers and not the way of the sewers."

DeWolf Hopper's words and thoughts come from a ripe experience and a wide knowledge and from love and respect for his art, though he mostly illustrates its lighter side. He has moreover no illusions about the nature of the managers of commercialistic spirit. He knows the scrupulous from the unscrupulous, and his thought is worth wide dissemination and frank acceptance."

He is, as he says, no prude, but what he pleads for is of the nature of sunlight, and it should be allowed to penetrate to the inner chambers of the public consciousness. It is not clear to me that he meant more in speaking out than just the joining of a strong conviction to an opportunity for emphatic utterance, but to my humble surprise, and no doubt to those of others, he will stand forth as the apostle of cleanliness on the American stage. Let us give his thought wings."

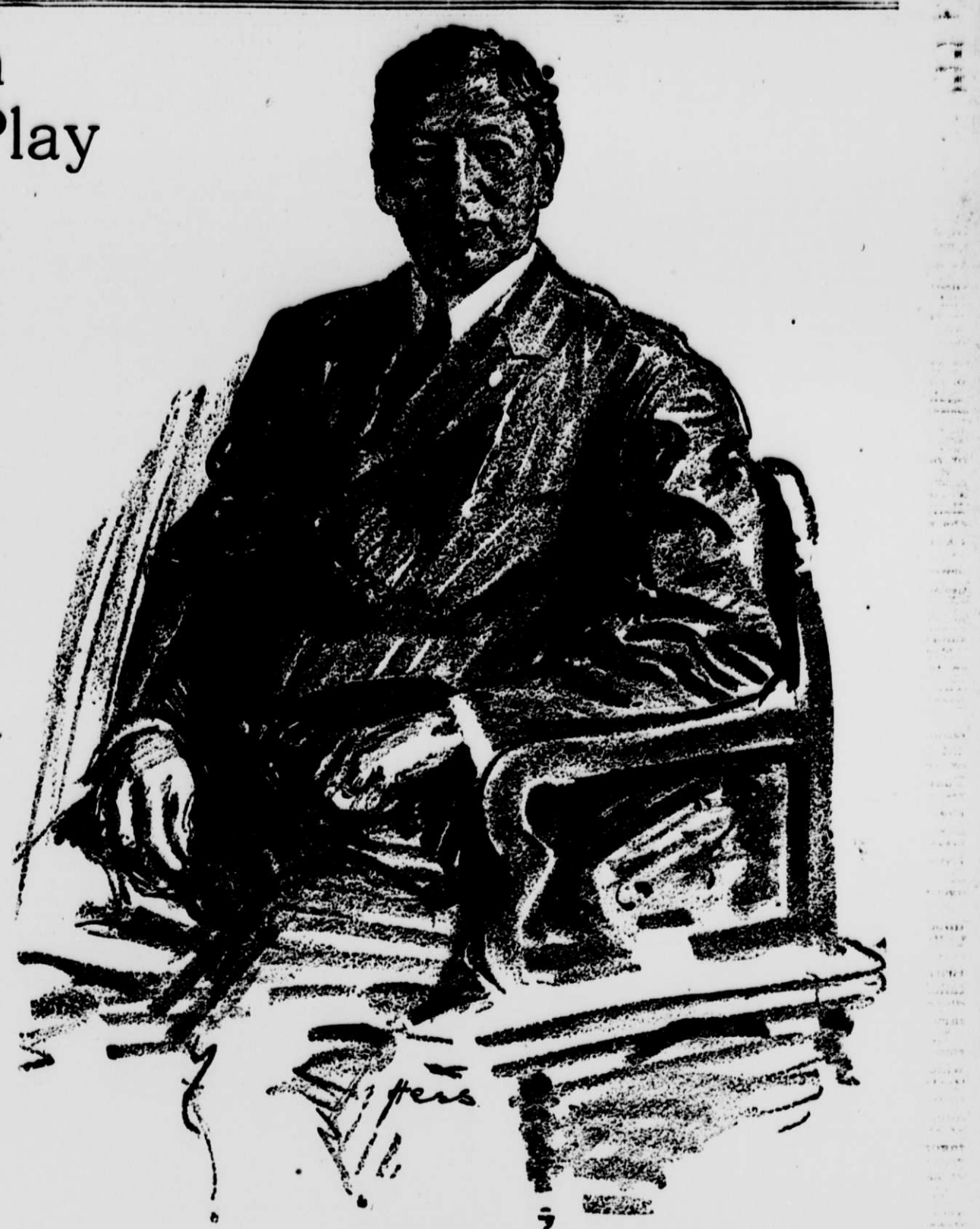
Let us bring to complete truth the concluding sentence of Mary Caroline Crawford's recent interesting volume "The Romance of the American Theatre." She says: "The prospects of the American theatre were never so encouraging as now; for besides being the heir of all the ages in the realm of dramatic expression it presents to knight-errants of every race and of every cause an open door of opportunity."

Some rats have climbed up from the sewer and have come in through that open door. Let the rat killers get to work. With that exception Mrs. Crawford's words are true: there is a world of hope and promise of the best.

ALL ARE ANXIOUS TO OBLIGE.

WHY is it that every one seems to be so genial, so obliging at this time of the year? remarked a man to his friend in a Broadway subway car the other morning. "Every one seems to be so anxious to do something for me, to perform some little favor and to make himself generally useful. They don't do it at other times of the year."

"Having resided at an uptown hotel



DeWolf Hopper.

for the last eight months I have had ample opportunity to study the attitude of the employees in the different seasons. Up to the last two weeks no particular attention was paid to me and I was treated just like an ordinary mortal. I had to go to the desk and inquire if there were letters for me; the elevator boy was none too anxious to carry me up stairs and often the desk clerk was tardy in calling me in the morning. The chambermaid went about the work in a room in a perfunctory way, and once or twice I was on the verge of changing my residence because I thought that enough attention was not being paid to me."

"For some reason or other all these conditions have changed for the better during the last two weeks and I am being treated as if I were the owner of the hotel. They just cannot do enough for me and I fail to understand it."

"When I stroll into the lobby in the evening the desk clerk cannot give me my mail too quickly and he is so genial about it that it puzzles me to imagine a reason for the sudden transformation. The elevator boy is waiting for me with hat in hand and he appears so anxious to take me up stairs that he barely gives me time to get in the car. And for the chambermaid, why, my room has never been in better condition since I have been residing there. I had to speak sharply to the desk clerk for calling me ten minutes ahead of time the other morning."

"I take my meals out, and in the restaurant where I usually go for breakfast the waiter is Johnny on the spot as soon as I enter. He helps me off with my overcoat, will not permit me to place it on the coat rack, will not permit me to pick up the menu card. Instead, he picks up the card with one hand while he hangs up the coat with the other."

"The food is better tasting and much better cooked. Larger portions than usual seem to be served. The waiter makes haste to put the cream and sugar in my coffee and he is anxious to learn whether everything suits me. In fact, I could not be treated better if I were President of the United States."

"Of course I visit the bookshop parlor every morning and the bookshop greets me with a smiling face and a pleasant good morning. He has taken more interest in my boots lately and some mornings he spends so much time on them that I have to ask him to hurry because I am anxious to get to the office at a certain time. But he explains that he wishes to give me an extra good shine and he will not permit me to step out of the chair until he shines my boots and trunks to perfection. Although it is not his custom at other times he allowed me to leave the other morning without paying because I did not happen to have change in my pocket."

"The owner of the hotel stands at which I buy my paper has the paper waiting for me when I arrive. He does not thrust the paper into my hand as he is accustomed to do at other times of the year, but has it neatly folded. If it is raining and I am carrying an umbrella he insists on closing it for me. In fact he will not permit me to do anything that he can do for me."

"The ticket agent at the booth greets me with a smiling face and he does not object if I pass five pennies to him. He seems to welcome them, and the other morning when I accidentally dropped the ticket he rushed out and picked it up for me. He was even so courteous one morning as to tell me there was a block on the road and I might be delayed. There have been other blocks on the road, but that was the first time he ever told me. The ticket chopper insists on taking the ticket from my hand and dropping it in the box, thus saving me the effort."

"Naturally I am puzzled to know why so many take an interest in me lately. One of my friends states that New Years is coming; but I am sure my friend is wrong in his suspicion, for all these persons cannot be actuated by such a mercenary motive."

Uncle Sam Ferreting Out Trade Opportunities

Continued from Sixth Page.

our diplomatic missions; that is to say, like military and naval attaches. One of them will have his headquarters in London, another in Paris, another in Berlin, another in Rome, another in Tokio, another in Buenos Ayres, another in Rio de Janeiro, another in Chile, Peru, and another in Melbourne. There will be fourteen of them in all, and their pay will be high—\$4,000, \$4,500 and \$5,000 a year, with allowances in addition for rent of office quarters and clerk hire.

"There will be no lack of applicants for these places, and yet it will not be easy to fill them satisfactorily. The men appointed will be chosen solely for fitness, and the requirements will be so exacting that few can meet them. These commercial attaches must possess an adequate business training so that the reports they make will be at once practical and useful. They must be able to speak the language of the country to which they are sent, and, which is by no means least important, they must be of suitable address in order to represent our Government creditably."

"Although maintaining headquarters for business purposes, they will be foot loose—free, that is to say, to go where they will and make investigations anywhere they choose. Some of them will cover more than one country. For instance, a commercial attaché stationed at Berlin may cover Norway, Sweden and Denmark. They will devote their entire time to the promotion of American commerce. It will be their task to keep this bureau in close touch with the progress of trade, so that nothing can happen of importance to our commercial interests without our getting news of it right away, by cable if necessary."

"We are going to study cost of production at home and abroad, taking into consideration wages, methods of marketing and all matters that are likely to help Congress in establishing tariff rates. The duty of making this investigation has been specially assigned by Congress to the bureau. At the present time we are studying the pottery industry, a complete picture of which, as it exists to-day in the United States and foreign countries, will be presented before long in a report. Wages, hours of labor, relative cost of production in the United States and other countries and all other matters relating to the subject will be comprehensively discussed. If, in the light of knowledge thus gained, Congress wishes to modify the duty on pottery it will have information far more complete than has hitherto been obtainable anywhere."

"Similar studies will be made in other fields. Apparently the public expects that future tariff legislation shall be based upon such facts as it is the purpose of this bureau to collect, rather than upon ex parte statements by interested persons testifying before committees of Congress. Incidentally it is to be taken for granted that any industry will be substantially benefited by a complete

acquaintance with all the conditions relating to that industry both here and abroad. Knowledge of this comprehensive kind cannot be got by the manufacturer for himself, but the Government will get it for him."

"One of the most important functions of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is the publication of a daily newspaper. The writers whose articles compose this journal are the Consuls in the service of the United States, who have orders to contribute whatever strikes them as most interesting and most important to American trade. The paper is called *Daily Consular Reports* and it has a circulation of 20,000. 'This takes in most of our manufacturers and exporters who are interested in foreign trade.'

"Unlike other newspapers, the *Daily Consular Reports* does not print as many copies as it can circulate. The demand for it is much greater than the supply. In fact we have at the present time a waiting list of something like 2,000 anxious would-be subscribers who cannot get the paper. The reason why is simply that the daily edition is limited to 20,000 and Congress has refused to enlarge it."

"The paper, you see, is not sold, but given away to subscribers. Those to whom it is not given cannot buy it and there is no way in which they can get it. It seems to me, however, that there is an easy mode of escape from the difficulty. Congress does not wish to appropriate any more money for the publication, but why should it? The demand for anything at all? Why should the bureau not be allowed to sell it? Business men would gladly pay the subscription price, which would be only \$3 or \$3.50 per annum—little enough for a newspaper which is sometimes sixteen and sometimes thirty-two pages, with a total of perhaps 5,000 pages a year."

"One of our special services is the publication on the back page of the *Daily Consular Reports* of so-called 'foreign trade opportunities.' These are notes sent in by Consuls from all parts of the world relating to openings for American goods abroad."

"Our Consul at Tientsin, let us say, learns of demand for 1,000 or more tailoring machines. If they can be delivered with reasonable promptness there is an immediate market for them. He sends word of the matter to this bureau and it is published among 'trade opportunities.' The note, however, makes no mention of Tientsin, because to do so would be to give away the information to foreign commercial rivals. It is printed with a serial number attached and any American manufacturer of tailoring machines can find out all about the matter by writing to the bureau and referring to the number."

"The 'trade opportunities' are always published in this way, cryptically. For instance, one of them, printed the other day, read: 'A large wholesale and retail house, doing an extensive, high class trade wishes catalogues, prices and samples of fancy silk, cotton and worsted piece goods suitable for ladies' dresses.' It was not stated in what country the

retail house was located. Manufacturers of such goods, however, were at liberty to write and ask for the address, having the latter as confidential."

"The value of the 'foreign trade opportunity' column as a medium for bringing together the American manufacturer or seller and the foreign buyer could not be better shown than by a letter received the other day from Consul John H. Groat, Writing from Odessa, in Russia, he says:—

"Some months ago a well established and reputable firm located in a large Western city wrote to my office expressing a desire to deal directly with American houses interested in its lines. For several years past this house has been buying annually about \$50,000 worth of goods originating in the United States, through houses in other European countries. It deals also in goods of other nationalities. It desired to increase its volume of American goods, but by dealing direct with the American manufacturer or seller."

"This office suggested the insertion in our *Daily Consular Reports* of a trade note, which was published. In order to ascertain the result, the Russian firm was addressed. It replied as follows: 'I am in receipt of your esteemed letter, and fulfilling your request I beg to acknowledge the success of your insertion has been a beautiful one, as I have received about forty offers and came in relation with American houses.'"

"This Russian house has since taken the sole agency for the sale of a well known American shoe. A single 'trade opportunity' note will sometimes double surprising results, enabling the manufacturer to get connections in foreign countries, and soon perhaps to furnish hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods in a year to a market that was previously unknown. Thus, it is not surprising that many thousands of American firms read the 'trade opportunities' daily, and that we get from 50,000 to 60,000 letters of inquiry in regard to them annually."

"Hitherto this bureau has had an elaborate and comprehensive system of collecting information and handling it, but the business of distributing it has been less well developed. We are trying to expand our publicity service, and as one means of accomplishing this, we are getting in touch with commercial firms, importers and exporters, and commercial organizations, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, export associations and others, our ultimate object being to put information into the hands of the people who need it, to give it to them in such a way that they can readily use it, that the usefulness of it will be impressed upon their minds and that they will be led to turn it to practical account. Already in three years there has been an increase of 400 per cent. in the number of letters received by the bureau, which shows that more business men are looking to us for information, and are making use of it."

"This bureau represents the business men of the country in much the same way as the Department of Agriculture

represents the farmers. In any given centre of population the local commercial organizations are engaged in promoting commerce for that locality on lines parallel to those on which we are trying to promote it for the entire nation. Hence it is that an active chamber of commerce of any commercial city is regarded by us as an ally."

"We supplement our service by giving additional publicity to the trade information we collect. We send them all our publications, including confidential circulars, and they carry on a supplemental distribution in their own districts, which extends the service."

"This kind of work it was in fact that led to the formation of a national chamber of commerce. When the President and the Secretary of Commerce called a conference of the commercial organizations of the entire country to discuss the project, it was to this bureau that was assigned the task of arranging all the details. We had complete records of all such organizations, their membership, &c., and the invitations were sent out by us. The result was the creation of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, of which nearly 400 commercial bodies are members."

"It is hard to get the average manufacturer, or even exporter, interested in statistics. The everyday business man is shy of them. And yet there is many an interesting story told by our tables of figures, especially in the field of foreign trade."

"Suppose, for instance, that a manufacturer wants to know in what countries there is a demand for the particular kind of goods he produces. He can find out at a glance from table 19, which is kept to the whole subject. It shows for every month and every year what has actually taken place in the interchange of products between the United States and all the other commercial nations in the world. It sets forth the imports and exports of merchandise into and from the United States, by countries and by principal articles, for the last five years. It is published annually."

"Comparatively few business men are even aware of the existence of this table. Writers on commercial subjects, librarians and a few others know it, but not the great majority of our merchants, manufacturers and exporters. We would like to get our statistics into wider circulation and make them useful. Especially manufacturers who are interested in export trade should acquire the habit of buying table 19 every year. It can be obtained from the superintendent of documents at the Government Printing Office at a nominal price. It contains over 100 quarto pages."

"This bureau is now spending \$325,000 a year. The Secretary of Commerce is going to ask Congress to raise the appropriation to \$750,000. If this is done all branches of our service will be extended, and we shall be able to gather and distribute commercial information on such a scale as will render the bureau a most efficient aid in the development of American trade all over the world."